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THE PERFUME OF
THE LADY IN BLACK

By GASTON LEROUX, Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

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(Concluded.)

Then Rouletabille touched the man's face and his hand, and we saw that Larsen was dead.

Rouletabille pointed to a ring on the middle finger. The collet was open and showed a hollow cup which was empty. It must have contained a deadly poison.

Arthur Rance put his head against the man's chest and assured us that all was over. And Rouletabille entreated us to leave him alone in the square tower and to try to forget the terrible events which had passed there.

"I will charge myself with everything," he asserted gravely. "Here is the 'body too many.' No one will inquire into the disposition which may be made of it."

And he gave an order to Walter which Arthur Rance translated into English.

"Walter, bring me the sack which you found at the Castillon yesterday."

Then he made a gesture to which we were all obedient—a gesture of dismissal. And we left the son face to face with the corpse of the father.

The next moment we saw that M. Darzac was swooning, and we were obliged to carry him into Old Bob's sitting room. But it was only a passing faintness, and soon he opened his eyes again and smiled at Mathilde when he saw her beautiful face bending over him with the look of dread in which we read the fear of losing her beloved husband at the very moment in which she had, through a chain of circumstances which still remained wrapped in mystery, found him again.

He succeeded in convincing her that his life was not in any danger, and he added his entreaties to those of Mme. Edith that she would go away for a little while and try to get some rest. When the two women had left us, Arthur Rance and myself turned over our attention to our friend. For how could a man whom all of us had believed to be dead and who had been, with the death rattle in his throat, tied up in a sack and carried away have been able to rise again and step down living from the fatal panel?

But when we had opened his shirt and discovered the bandage which hid the wound that he bore in his breast we recognized that this injury was not a very serious one. The ball which had struck Darzac in the midst of the savage fight which he had been obliged to make against Larsen had planted itself in the sternum, causing a bad external hemorrhage and weakening the entire organism, but fortunately suspending none of the vital functions.

As we finished the task of dressing the wound I heard steps in the corridor and a strange noise—the sound that one hears when a body is carried away on a stretcher. And I thought of Larsen and of the sack which was holding now for the second time "the body too many."

Leaving Arthur Rance to watch over M. Darzac, I hurried to the window. I had not been mistaken. I beheld the sinister funeral cortege in the court outside.

It was nearly nightfall. A gathering gloom surrounded everything.

Moving onward in the direction of the obelisk, I saw Rouletabille and Pere Jacques—two dark shadows bending over another shadow—a shadow which I recognized and which on that other night of horror I had believed to contain another dead body. The sack seemed heavy. The two men were scarcely able to lift it to the edge of the shaft. And I could see that the little passageway was open—yes, the heavy wooden lid which ordinarily closed it had been removed and was lying on the ground. Rouletabille leaped lightly over the edge of the obelisk and then made a step downward. He showed no hesitation. The way seemed to be familiar to him. In a few moments his figure vanished from sight. Then Pere Jacques pushed the sack into the passageway and leaned over the edge, apparently still holding on to his burden, which I could no longer see.

I left the square tower. I went to my own room in the new castle. I stationed myself at the window, and my eyes lost themselves in the depths of the shadows which covered the sea. All at once, far, very far off I fancied that I could see in the narrow red band which was all that remained of the setting sun something that seemed more unreal than a vision.

Into that narrow red band an object entered. It was the shadow of a fishing smack, which glided over the waters as automatically as though it were propelled by machinery, and as its movements became slower and I saw it emerging from the gloom I recognized the form of Rouletabille. The oars ceased to move, and I saw my friend rise to his feet. I could recognize him and see everything which he did as clearly as if he had not been ten yards away from me. His gestures were outlined against the red background of the sunset with a fantastic precision.

What he had to do did not take long. He leaned over and got up again, lifting in his arms something which seemed to mix with his form and become a part of himself in the darkness. And then the burden glided down into the water, and the man's figure reappeared alone, still bending, still leaning over the edge of the boat, remaining thus for an instant motionless, and then once more picking up the oars of the bark, which resumed its automatic motion until it had disappeared completely from the dying glare of the ever narrowing band of red. And then the band of red, too, vanished.

Rouletabille had consigned the body of Larsen to the waves of Hercules.

LOGUE.

The reader will recall the finding of a scrap of paper with "bonnet" on it, which was handed to Rouletabille. He unraveled its mysterious significance, which had picked it up just after he had missed Brignolles and Larsen in the mountain.

Larsen had schemed to shut up Darzac in a lunatic asylum and so get rid of an obstacle in his way. To do this he required a relative in the neighborhood of a doctor. Larsen induced Brignolles to give his name and himself, and that of a famous alienist. Rouletabille discovered that Darzac had actually been confined in the Mount Carbonnet asylum. He forced Brignolles to confess his crime and through his bit of paper secured Darzac's release.

Rouletabille explained to his friend the purpose which he dropped Rance in front of the supposed Darzac. It was to see whether this Darzac could handle it in Larsen's peculiar way. When in the court he handed him a sack which he had taken from the tower with heavy blows the real Larsen lost his disguise as he straightened his stooping shoulders of the scholar and flourished the cane with the vigor of a true bandit.

Only one other person noticed the startling transformation and allowed Larsen to see that he was recognized.

That person was Berulier, and his lack of self control cost him his life. In his amazement he stumbled and fell on the flint dagger, which he was carrying, and as he turned over and shrieked to his death struggles he drew forth the ancient weapon from the wound with a violent effort that sent it flying yards distant.

THE END.

Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. H., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it." F. B. Brill and Curtis Pharmacy, local agents.

Fairfield County News.

Thieves in Wilton.

Burglars entered the railroad station at Wilton, where they had been sacking the place, making away with all the money which was in the cash box of the pay station telephone. The thieves gained an entrance by smashing out a window glass and then rolling out the cash. They tore the front of the long distance telephone and then proceeded to move things away from the wall, and carried it out and placed it against a large tree outside the station. Then with heavy stones, the cash box was smashed open and the money stolen. It is impossible to tell how much was in the box. All the express packages, which were in the trunk, were broken open, and the trunks probably found nothing that suited them, for as far as has been discovered, nothing was taken. There were no tickets missing.

Pile of Injuries.

George E. Mills, one of the painters who fell from the Wilson building in Norwalk last week, died Monday night at the Norwalk hospital. He leaves a widow and ten children and was 38 years of age. George E. Jewell, his companion on the scaffold when it gave way, died last week.

Second Story Thief.

The residence of C. H. Lounsbury, president of the Stamford Savings Bank, was burglarized last week, while the family was at dinner. Jewelry and other articles valued at \$150 were stolen. The burglar was interrupted in his work by Miss May Lounsbury, and he escaped by jumping from a rear veranda fifteen feet high. The burglar entered the house through a second story window.

Litchfield County News.

Arrested for Murder.

On Monday Coroner Higgins rendered a verdict in the inquest on the death of George Cropek, who was murdered at a christening at the home of Michael Markle, Torrington, on Sunday evening, Dec. 22. He finds that Cropek died as the result of a stab wound in the left breast at the hand of Stanislaus Mackewicz, who was arrested Monday, charged with murder in the first degree.

Fortieth Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Coe, of East Plymouth were surprised Tuesday evening by a large number of their friends calling and helping them to celebrate their fortieth wedding anniversary. Pastor Evans presented the couple with a purse containing gold coins, the gift of the couple's friends. Mr. Coe represented the town of Harwinton in the Legislature of 1900.

Coasting Accident.

The first coasting accident of the season occurred in Winsted Thursday evening, the victim being Miss Florine Gagnon. She was thrown from a double ripper and sustained a fracture of the right ankle.

Fine Trapping.

This fall has been one of the best in the history of Canaan for the local trappers, as all report very good luck. Muskrats are very plentiful and several hundred have been caught and as the price of their fur is very high this year this effort to catch them will probably continue until the first of May when the hair begins to fall out. Minks have proved to be rather numerous as three were caught in one trap on Tuesday. On the first of May in just one month caught over \$200 worth of furs in the vicinity of Canaan. He devoted all his time to this work.

Poor Appetite

indicates weakness of the stomach nerves which control the desire for food. It is a sure sign that the digestive organs need the help of

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, falling memory and lame back, brought on by excessive mental drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, most reliable, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4125 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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New York.—Thousands are taking advantage of the generous offer made by The Woodworth Co., 1161 Broadway, New York City, requesting an experimental package of Lemola, the new skin discovery, which is mailed free of charge to all who write for it. It alone is sufficient to clear the complexion over night and rid the face of pimples in a few hours.

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It contains no grease and being flesh-colored the presence of Lemola on the face or hands is not perceptible.

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